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624 served food. The first bit that he put in his mouth he spat out "just like Dove."[59]

[202] The Chunut had an official not found in the foothills. This was the pine´ti or lane´i, official adviser. J.A. had difficulty defining his functions. Magpie (o´čoč) was his totem, but his duties were not associated with either moiety. Seemingly he acted as a go-between for ordinary persons and a chief. "If a man wanted to kill a doctor, he would go to pineti to make the request. He'd be told to wait until pineti had consulted the captain." However, he did not speak at ceremonies for chiefs, who often talked directly to the people. Another official made proclamations for the chief.

624 The official proclaimer was hile´t:ts, a term often applied to crow (kankas), his totem,
786 just as Dove is often referred to as "winatum." The chief paid this man to make announcements for him. If at a mourning ceremony a chief was ready to collect money, he would call the announcer, give him "about ten cents," and tell him to go through the camp telling the people "to pay now."

Kroeber equates a Tachi official "hohotich" with the "hilet:ts" of Yauelmani and "hiauta" of Yaudanchi, classifying them all as clowns "whose business it was to mock sacred ceremonies, speak contradictorily, be indecent, and act nonsensically."[60] It would seem that hilet:s should not be in the clowning category.

624 Another man who was not a tribal official but had a specific function was pine´w:ts (the hiau´ta of the foothills). This was a man of
[787] great bravery who would kill doctors; such a man dreamed of Cooper's hawk. While his functions were the result of his private special powers, his services as a destroyer of malevolent shamans brought him public recognition.

622 On Tachi chieftaincy we have Gifford's information gathered in 1915, which agrees in large part with that given by the Chunut J.A. in 1928-1929. The José of Gifford's data is Joe Thomas, according to J.A.; her information regarding the woman Notsi corroborates Gifford's.

616 The Tachi possess moiety chiefs. The title of the chief is diya. A male chief is
622 described as noča diya, a female chief as mukela diya. In one recent case of succession the Tachi "elected" a cousin of the decedent to the position. Both were toxelyuwiš. The informants said that a close relative of a dead chief was "elected" anciently, always one of the same moiety, of course. However, a dying chief might name his successor, his son, for example.

There were always two chiefs in a settlement, one for each moiety. In 1915 Joaquín Robert was the nutuwuts chief in the rancheria

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[59] This evidently refers to some habit of the mourning dove.

[60] Handbook, 497.

796 was dug, a log laid across it, and the doctors put their snakes in it. Two singers were present to sing "snake songs." Then the assembled onlookers walked to the pit, dipped a heel in the pit as they crossed the log, and threw in some money. The doctors did not participate in the "stepping rite."

796 While the doctors were doing their pre-
522 liminary dancing before picking up their
237 snakes, Coyote clowns came upon the scene.
[613] There might be one or two of these, usually a brother and sister (or first cousins) of a Coyote lineage. The man wore a coyote-skin costume on his back, the head of which was so arranged that the nose was pulled far down over
[302] his own. He was painted with black about the eyes and mouth. An artificial tail [M.L. could not say how this was made, but it was <u>not</u> the coyote-skin tail] was extended from his buttocks. This he could jerk about with obscene gestures. He carried a long stick.

796 Approaching the snake pit, he would run up
522 and pretend to strike the reptiles. He would pretend the snake had bitten him, groan lavishly, and mimic the snake doctors' motions. When he became too boisterous, the chief would send his winatum with money to make him keep quiet. He would get in people's way, knocking about awkwardly with his long stick: people would pay him to desist. Then he would seize his sister (or cousin), pull her up to the
● [786] snake pit, and there lie down with her pretending to have intercourse. This caused the greatest amusement, as the incestuous implication added to the impropriety. When the clown pretended to be bitten by a snake, his sister would rush up to him and burlesque the curing-by-brushing motions of t:pni people.

At Diapnuša it was M.L.'s son-in-law, his father, and father's sister who were of the Coyote lineage and performed the Coyote antics. M.L. had seen the same thing once at Dunlap where there were also male and female clowns; one of the women was probably J.W., a Wobonuch.

796 The doctors, of whom there were usually three or four, walked in line around the pit, followed by a group of boys and young men carrying sticks and singing. Each doctor took his snake from the pit and danced with it. First the head of the snake was held in the left hand, the tail in the right. A step left was taken, and the arms were extended a little upward and outward to the left. Then a step to the right was taken. At the same time, the right hand released the snake's tail, while the left, holding the head, passed the reptile behind the dancer's neck, where it was taken into the right hand. And with left hand now gripping the tail, the arms were extended upward and outward. The snake was now passed from right to left back of the neck. These two movements, complementing each other, were repeated over and over as the doctors filed around the pit, followed by the crowd of boys.

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535 said this was danced at any ceremony if asked
796 for.

E.M. saw Gohːl and another Bear dancer named Joˊnːšˇ do the dance. They wore the vertical feather čˇu on their heads, bear paws on
[237] their chests. The whole bear skin was not used. Brown paint covered their faces, and
302] black was put around or over the upper lip "to look like Bear," and covered their arms and bodies. The dance lasted two nights. On the first, they took turns: one sang while the other danced and vice versa. On the second, they both sang and danced together. There was no change in dress or dancing on the second night. The cocoon rattle (šaˊnači) was used in accompaniment. The actual dance was very short, "like bears dance," with a sort of jumping step. It was done twice only by each performer. Then
796 they pretended to dance into the fire and
535 frightened people. They turned into bears as
789 they danced, but Čokonːk's daughter, who sometimes danced with them, did not undergo transformation.

E.M. said Gohːl turned into a bear sometimes, and Tewus, his brother, was "much worse." He transformed himself and danced around the fire and "went around the country scaring people." (See anecdotes about Haiˊhaiˊːč, another Bear dancer.)

796 Coyote dancing.---At some time during
522 pleasure dances or entertainments, or after the
616 ritual washing at a mourning ceremony, a character representing Coyote gave a clownish performance. E.M. did not remember the name of any man who did this, but said he must have been of the Nutuwich moiety. A coyote skin,
[302] cured with the fur on, was fastened on his back, with the head at his head, and tail at his buttocks. Paint was applied to his face and body
● [786] "any way just to be funny." His antics included yowling like a coyote, jumping about, grabbing food, mimicking the spokesman, and making obscene advances toward young girls.

796 Beaver Dance.---E.M. had heard of a dance
789 done "before her day" over at Owoˊniu. The doctors made fish with red heads appear; these,
756 however, could be seen only by other doctors.
787 The shaman making this ceremony "danced half the night. When the power was coming it made them suffer."[73]

Seed-crop prophesying.---This E.M. saw Čokonːk do at a Gashowu village. It was done day or night at any time of year. The doctor danced around the public fire and told what kind of seed, clover, and acorn crops would come. There was no demonstration of seed-growing or of plants: "he just told what his power showed him." This performance was supposed to benefit the crops for the coming season.

789 Rain-making.---A doctor from Kings River was able to make rain, but E.M. had "just heard

[73] Cf. the woman participant who "groaned" in the Wukchumni Beaver Dance.

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769 [301] had toiled for months, perhaps for years, circled and furred with hundreds of little quail-plumes, bespangled, scalloped, festooned, and embroidered with beadery until there was scarcely place for the handling; plumes, shawls, etc. Kolomusnim had a pretty plume of metallic-glistening ravens' feathers in his hand. But the most remarkable article was a great plume, 769 237 293 nearly six feet long, shaped like a parasol slightly opened, mostly of ravens' feathers, but containing rare and brilliant plumage from many birds of the forest, topped with a smaller plume or kind of coronet, and lavishly bedecked through all its length with bulbs, shell-clusters, circlets of feathers, dangling festoons,—a magnificent bauble, towering far above all, with its glittering spangles and nodding plume on plume contrasting so strangely with the tattered and howling savages over whom it gorgeously swayed and flaunted. [532] Another woman had an image, rudely constructed of shawls and clothing, to represent the dead woman, sister to Kolomusnim.

769 The beholding of all these things, some of which had belonged to the departed, and the strong contagion of human sorrow, wrought the Indians ●786 into a frenzy. Wildly they leaped and wailed; some flung themselves upon 152 the earth and beat their breasts. There were constant exhortations to grief. Sloknich, sitting on the ground, poured forth burning and piercing words: "We have all one heart. All our hearts bleed with yours. Our eyes weep tears like a living spring. O, think of the poor, dead woman in the grave." Kolomusnim, a savage of a majestic presence, bating his garb, though a hesitating orator, was so broken with grief that his few sobbing words moved the listeners like a funeral knell. Beholding now and then a special friend in the circle, he would run and fall upon his knees before him, bow down his head to the earth, and give way to uncontrollable sorrow. Others of the mourners would do the same, presenting to the friend's gaze some object which had belonged to the lamented woman. The friend, if a man, would pour forth long condolences; if a woman, she would receive the mourner's head in her hands, tenderly stroke down her hair, and unite her tears and lamentations with her's. Many an eye, both of men and women, both of mourners and strangers, glistened in the flickering fire-light with copious and genuine tears.

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But amid all this heart-felt mourning there were occasional manifestations of purely mechanical grief that were amusing. The venerable Sloknich, though he was a gifted and thrilling orator, a savage Nestor, preserved a dry eye; but once in a while he would arise in his place and lift up his voice in mourning like a sandhill-crane, then presently sit down and calmly light a cigarette. After smoking two or three, he would stand up and fire away again. Cigarettes were burning everywhere. An Indian would take one out of his mouth and give a prolonged and dolorous bellow, then take a few whiffs again.

Yet even these comical manifestations were so entirely in earnest that nobody thought of laughing at the time; and though one's sense of humor could not but make silent note of them the while, they were greatly overborne by the outpouring of genuine, unmistakable grief. So far even from smiling, one might, without being accused of sentimental weakness, have dropped a tear at the spectacle of these poor wretches, weeping not more perhaps for the loved and lost than over their own miserable and hapless destiny of extermination.

These demonstrations continued a long time, a very long time, and I began to be impatient again, believing that the principal occasion had passed. It appeared afterward that they are compelled by their creed and custom to prolong the proceedings until daylight; hence this extreme deliberation.

But now, at last, about one o'clock in the morning, upon some preconcerted signal, there was a sudden and tumultuous rushing from all quarters of the quadrangle, amid which the interpreter and myself were almost borne down. For the first time during the night the women appeared conspicuously on the scene, thronged into the sacred circle, and quickly formed a ring close around the fire—a single circle of maidens, facing inward. The whole multitude of the populous camp crowded about them in confusion, jostling and struggling. A choir of male singers took their position hard by and commenced the death-song, though they were not audible except to the nearest listeners.

At the same instant the young women began their frightful dance,

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769 which consisted of two leaps on each foot alternately, causing the body to
786 rock to and fro; and either hand was thrust out with the swaying, as if the
535 offering it held were about to be consigned to the flames, while the breath was forced out with violence between the teeth, in regular cadence, with a harsh and grinding sound of *heh!* The blaze of the sacred fire flamed redly out between the bodies of the dancers, swaying in accord, while the dishevelled locks of the leaping hags wildly snapping in the night wind, the blood-curdling rasp of their breath in concert, and the frightful ululations and writhings of the mourners, conspired to produce a terrible effect. At the sight of this weird, awful, and lurid spectacle, which was swung into motion so suddenly, I felt all the blood creep and tingle in my veins, and my eyes moisten with the tears of a nameless awe and terror. We were beholding now, at last, the great dance for the dead.

All the long remainder of that frenzied night, from one o'clock to two, to three, to four, to five, those women leaped in the maddening dance, through smoke, and choking dust, and darkness, and glaring light, and cold, and heat, amid the unceasing wail of the multitude, not knowing or heeding aught else on earth. Once in five or ten minutes, when the choir completed a chorus, there was a pause of a few seconds; but no one moved from her place for a moment. What wonder that only the strongest young maidens were chosen for the duty! What wonder that the men avoided this terrible ordeal!

769 About four o'clock, wearied, dinned, and benumbed with the cold of the mountains, I crept away to a friendly blanket and sought to sleep. But it was in vain, for still through the night-air were borne up to my ears the far-off crooning, the ululations, and that slow-pulsing, horrid *heh!* of the leaping witches, with all the distant voices, each more distinct than when heard nearer, of the mourning camp. The morning star drew itself far up into the blue reaches of heaven, blinking in the cold, dry California air, and still all the mournful riot of that Walpurgis-night went on.

Then slowly there was drawn over everything a soft curtain of oblivion; the distant voices blended into one undistinguishable murmur, then died away and were still; the mourning was ended; the dancers ceased because they were weary.